

# SNAPPED BY THE NEWS CAMERA

## WHO'S WHO IN SMILE-LAND



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By CHARLES N. LURIE.

HERE'S nothing new to be said about smiles. From the days of the "laughing philosophers" of Greece down to these modern times of the man who gives you the spiel about there being "miles and miles of smiles" to follow your own—once you start the procession of grins—every one has been holding forth on the superiority of the horizontal smile over the vertical frown.

Did you ever think that a smile can't be forced? You may emit a sort of voluntary laugh that sounds something like the real thing, but you can't imitate a smile successfully. Any effort to do so pulls the facial muscles into a distortion that is very painful to the beholder and uncomfortable to the perpetrator.

Which is why the wise photographer no longer tells you to "look pleasant, please," when he has you posed before his shutter. He is crafty enough to

know that you simply can't look pleasant at will. You have to feel pleasant before you can look it, and feeling pleasant—smiling-like, as it were—is a condition that can't be compelled.

Some folks smile with their whole faces, some only with their eyes. If you want to discover the habitual smiler, don't seek for wrinkles around the corners of the mouth. Look carefully at the outer corners of the eyes, where the lids meet. If you see a network of lines radiating outward from that corner be sure that the owner of the attached face is "smiling around

1.—Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (Helen Gould). 2.—Helen Keller. 3 and 10.—Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. 4.—William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury. 5.—Sir Thomas Lipton. 6.—Vice President Marshall. 7.—Senator Elihu Root. 8.—Rosalind Amundsen. 9.—Claude Grahame-White. 11.—Miss Fola La Follette.

the world," as the title of Marshall P. Wilder's book has it. Thanks to the saving grace of humor, literature that makes the reader smile is plentiful, but the bibliography of smiling itself is not extensive. There are few legends connected with smiling, and not many poems about it. Real smiling, a procedure that starts in the heart and extends to one's outermost extremities, is too genuine a thing to be regarded lightly, and for that reason only a few writers have felt their powers equal to the task of describing it adequately. Even Dick-

turbance in its gastric regions. Plain colic, in other words. But we folks who have smiling babies know that our babies are the exceptions to this rule and that the heavenly messengers are really speaking to our darlings when their features are moved by the radiance of smiles. Samuel Lover, the famous Irish writer, has a poem on this subject. In it he tells how a wife and mother, weeping for the absence of her fisherman husband, was comforted by the smile of her baby. She knew that the angels whispering to the baby would take care of the baby's father and

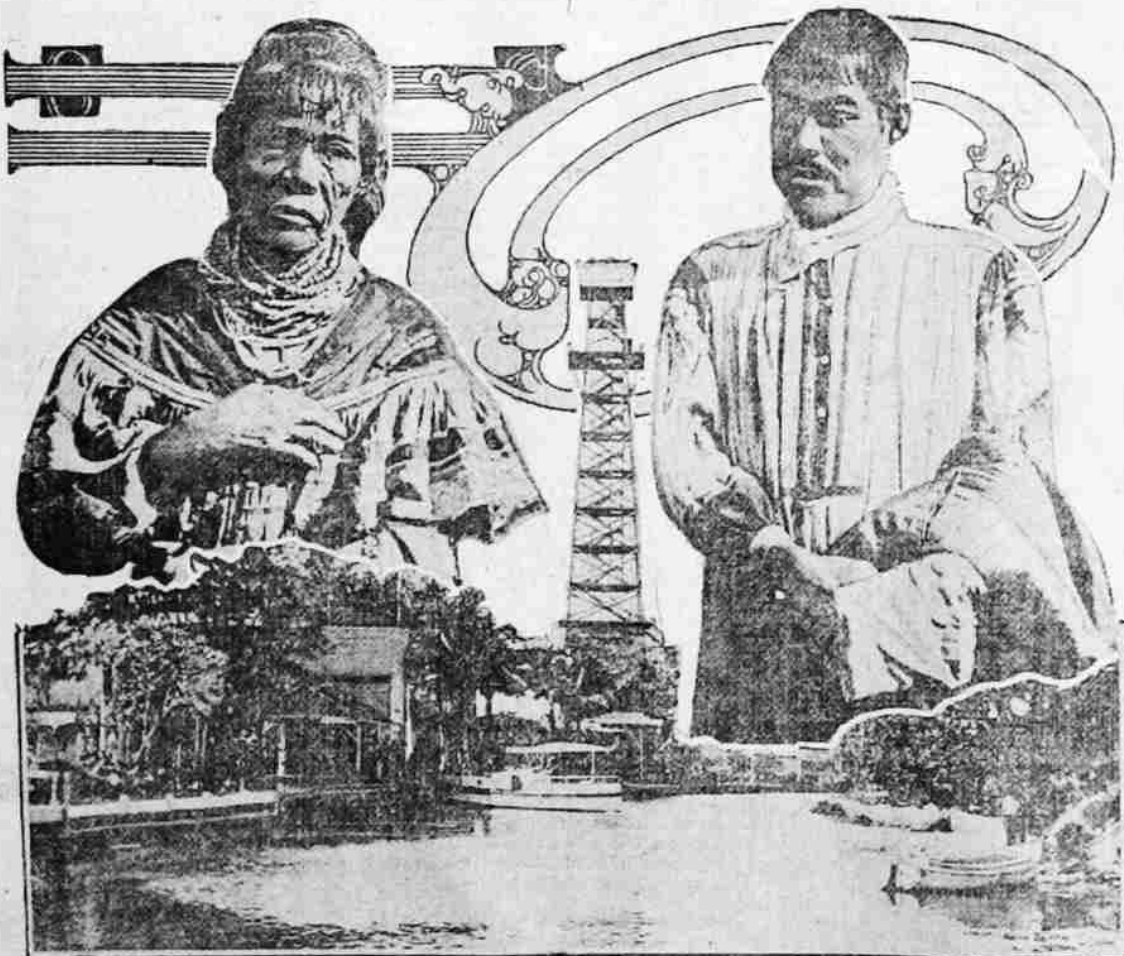
The dawn of the morning  
Saw Dermot returning.  
And the wife wept with joy her babe's  
father to see.

And closely caressing  
Her child with a blessing,  
Said, "I knew that the angels were whispering  
with thee."

As a rule, when the news photographer goes on his man or woman hunt, he does it with little or no expectation of bagging his prey smiling. On the one hand, the great and wise and famous are becoming so accustomed to being "snapped" that as soon as they spy the now familiar black box they assume the strained, unnatural look which we see in studio pictures before the skillful retoucher smooths it out. On the other hand, when the camera man takes a notorious character the latter isn't smiling. Too often the lens taken in also the detective to whom the aforesaid notorious character is handcuffed.

The pictures accompanying this story were taken in most of the cases when their subjects were "off guard." They present an interesting collection of facial expressions of the pleased

## Seminoles of Florida, Homeless For Decades, to Have Homes at Last



SEMINOLE SQUAW AND BRAVE AND ENTRANCE TO EVERGLADES.

UNCLE SAM and the state of Florida against 300 Seminole Indians—an unequal contest, waged for many years, but now the Seminoles have won. They are to have a home of their own, a resting place in the land of their forefathers. Once the tribe, far more powerful in numbers, sought to conquer a realm for themselves, but the white man's might prevailed. What they sought as a right has been granted to them as a favor, chiefly by means of the intervention of white friends.

The Seminoles to whom reference is not made are not the flourishing main body of the tribe which lives in Oklahoma, but the descendants of the remnant left in Florida when the main body made its exodus to the west. This took place after the great Seminole war of 1835-42, the longest, most bloody and costliest Indian war in which the United States government ever engaged. Every army officer who

has been to West Point and most civilian visitors to the military academy know something about the Seminole war, for a monument in front of Culum Memorial hall at the academy perpetuates the memory of Major Dade, his officers and men, killed in a surprise by the Florida Indians. That was Osceola's war. His defeat broke the power of the Seminoles forever, and the majority of the tribe were glad to accept the terms of the government and remove to the west. There the Seminoles have prospered with the rest of the aborigines settled in what was formerly Indian Territory and is now part of Oklahoma.

About 300 of the Seminoles would make no terms with the white man and retreated into the wilds of the Everglades. There they and their descendants have lived ever since with no legal title to the lands whereon they have made their poor homes. Now, however, the Everglades are be-

ing invaded by the dredging machine and the steam shovel, and the Seminoles have been in danger of being finally dispossessed. The peril has been averted by the grant to them by the Florida legislature of 212,000 acres of land in the Everglades. There they may continue to live their nomadic lives, within the region prescribed, of course, fishing and hunting and drinking their imported and homemade "brewwaters." Like most dwellers in tropical and semitropical countries, the Seminoles and in the easy conditions of life in the Everglades no incentive to work. Disease and drink have, however, made sad inroads on them, and their number is little if at all greater than the count of seventy years ago. There are about 300 of the Florida Seminoles and they have never again disputed the state and federal authority. They subsisted into an indolent life of less than semiciviliza-

tion, doing as little work as possible. They cultivate small patches of corn, sugar cane and potatoes, and they are expert hunters of alligators, otters and birds of plumage, sometimes shooting the birds in defiance of ignorance of the law and selling them to white traders. They are not uncommon sights at Fort Pierce, Fort Myers, Miami and other Florida towns, but for the most part they remain in their homes in the Everglades, made of palmetto wood and thatched. When they visit the towns they bring down the produce of their hunting and exchange it for cloth, flour, bacon, ammunition, etc.

Of course, as with most savage tribes, the Seminoles let their women do most of the little work that is done in the Florida heat. Both sexes are fond of bright colors in their garb. It is generally a mixture of their ancient tribal costumes with what they can copy of the white man's religion, with his dress and customs. Next August a delegation of Florida Seminoles will visit Oklahoma by invitation to be taught something more of belief in a Great Father. Near Lake Okechobee, in Florida, is a band of Seminoles who, it is said, have never even heard of God or the Sabbath.

"The history of the past is to the Seminoles a sad heritage of fallen greatness," says a recent writer. "The names of their noted warriors—Osceola, Tallahassee, Cohedo, Coacoochee, Micanopy and Amathia—are treasured and preserved through the lakes, streams and villages of Florida. Of the descendants of these famous warriors but little can be said. The greater number of them and their friends were deported to the Indian Territory, and even there they are lost sight of. Osceola, 'the greatest Roman of them all,' lies buried near Charleston. A number of the present tribe claim his name and relationship, but I was unable to verify their right to it, nor could I learn that any of Osceola's blood courses in their veins. His children, who were with him when he was a prisoner at Fort Moultrie, were also deported to the Indian Territory, and every trace of them has vanished from that time to the present. The Florida Seminoles still dream with unwavering faith of the time when this beautiful land will be his again."

Not long ago a delegation of two Indians from Oklahoma visited the Florida Seminoles to extend the invitation. Their report about the conditions which they found in the Everglades reads: "These Everglades Indians are living there now just as they lived a century ago. The only change is a slight shifting of location caused by the pressure of civilization. As the white man has encroached, the Seminoles have retreated farther and farther into their almost impenetrable wilderness." WALTON WILLIAMS.

## Daddy Knickerbocker Keeping His Eye on Whitman

WITH the coming of the heated term the electric fans of politics in New York City began to whir. One of the first sparks thrown off announced that Charles S. Whitman, district attorney of the county of New York, was a receptive candidate for the office of mayor of the big town.

It cannot be said in the real, honest, cross my heart fashion that the news was one of the startling items of the day. Far from it. Not many men have been "mentioned" more often than he for the office of burgo-master of New Amsterdam. Only, in his case, there seems to be a hunky, healthy chance that the announcement of candidacy will be followed by nomination this summer, election next fall and inauguration on the first of next year.

Outside of Mayor Gaynor, New York hasn't a more get-into-the-newsy official than District Attorney Whitman. Without his being at all the sort of man who intentionally "hog" the center of the stage, the calcium manages to play on him more often than it does on big Street Cleaning Commissioner Edwards, little Sheriff Harburger or any one else of in between size in New York. He scored a bullseye when he sent Lieutenant Becker to the death chair for the murder of the gambler Rosenthal, followed it up with the conviction of the four gun men and has kept it up ever since with the procession of grafting policemen to Sing Sing. All this was Whitman's doing, and the subsurface life of the city hates him with an admiring hatred.

They may "get" him yet—any day New York and the rest of the world may be horrified by the report of a shot that will send the district attorney to an untimely grave—but they won't stop his work, for he has known enough to surround himself with an able staff of assistants and deputies. The peril to Mr. Whitman, however, is real and serious. It was only a few months ago that he and his chief assistant took out police permits to carry revolvers.

So openly, the fact that he has done excellent work in the lower office should not be urged against him. Anyway, that's what his friends say, and they seem to make out a good case, in spite of the fact that New York, with its foreign population, its still unplumbed depths of vice and crime, needs in the district attorney's office, either Mr. Whitman or a man built on very much the same lines.

The city pays its mayor \$15,000 a year, and the district attorney gets the same salary. Both offices are elective, and each official's term is four years. The terms of both Mayor Gaynor and

ing to become a lawyer, he went to New York and entered the New York University Law school, from which he received his law degree and was admitted to the bar in 1894.

He was not a young man of means, and during these years he supported himself and paid his expenses by teaching Latin and Greek at Adelphi academy in Brooklyn.

In the early nineties he served as assistant corporation counsel, and later he became member of the board of city magistrates, president of the board and judge of the court of general sessions. He is a Republican and was



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DISTRICT ATTORNEY CHARLES S. WHITMAN.

District Attorney Whitman will expire on Dec. 31, 1913. They went into office together and will go out together—maybe.

Forty-five years ago Charles S. Whitman was born at Norwich, Conn., where his father, John S. Whitman, was pastor of a Presbyterian church. He went to the public schools and was known as an exceptionally bright boy whose knowledge of Latin was greater than that of his schoolfellows. Entering Amherst, he was graduated when only twenty-one years of age. Elect-

ed district attorney on the fusion ticket in 1909.

In December, 1908, Mr. Whitman married Miss Olive Hitchcock of New York City. Mr. Whitman finds time, in addition to his duties as district attorney, to fill the office of president of the Anti-Polity society of New York and fulfill the obligations imposed by holding a trusteeship in the New York Skin and Cancer hospital. He is also an official of the New York probation commission. BRUCE K. GORDON.